Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall downe
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did uſurpe his backe?
Forgiveneſſe horſe; why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horſe
And yet I beare a burthen like an Aſſe,
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by jauncing *Bullingbrooke*,

Enter Keeper with a diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place, here is no longer ſtay.
Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wer't away.
Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. *Exit.*
Keep. My Lord wilt pleaſe you to fall too?
Fich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wer't wont to doo.
Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir *Percy* of Exton,
Who lately came from th King, commands the contrary.
Rich. The divell take *Henry* of Lancaſter, and thee;
Patience is ſtale and I am weary of it.
Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ri. How now? what meanes death in this rude aſſault?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths inſtrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton ſtrikes him downe.

That hand ſhall burne in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, ſtain'd the Kings owne land.
Mount, mount my ſoule, thy ſeate is up on high,
Whil'ſt my groſſe fleſh ſinkes downeward here to dye.
Ex. As full of valour as of Royall blood,
Both have I ſpilt: Oh would the deed were good,
For now the divell, that told me I did well,
Sayes that this deed is Chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King ile beare,
Take hence the reſt; and give them buriall here. *Exit.*

Scæna

Scæna

Flouriſh, Enter Bull
other Lords, an
Bul. Vncle Yorke, the lateſ
Is that the Rebels have conſ
Our Towne of Ciceter in Gl
But whether they be tane or

Enter North

VVelcome my Lord, what is
Nor. Firſt, to thy ſacred ſta
The next newes is, I have to
The heads of *Salisbury, Spen*
The manner of their taking
At large diſcourſed in this pa
Bul. We thanke thee gent
And to thy worth will adde

Enter Fitz-

Fitz. My Lord, I have fro
The heads of *Broccas*, and Si
Two of the dangerous conſo
That ſought at Oxford, thy
Bul. Thy paines *Fitz-wat*
Right Noble is thy merit, w

Enter Percy, a

Per. The grand conſpirato
VVith clog of conſcience, an
Hath yeilded up his body to
But here is *Carlile*, living t
Thy Kingly doome, and ſent
Bul. Carlile, this is your
Chooſe out ſome ſecret pla
More than thou haſt, and w
So as thou liv'ſt in peace,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA